

**Master Negative  
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**Highland Harry**

**Glasgow**

**1828**

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**Title : Highland Harry : to which are added, The braes o'  
Gleniffer, The highland widow, Jeanie's black e'e, Jamie o'  
the glen, My wife's a winsome wee thing, The rosy brier.**

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# HIGHLAND HARRY ;

To which are added,

**The Braes o' Gleniffer,**

*The H ghland Widow,*

**Jeanie's Black e'e,**

**Jamie o' the Glen,**

*My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.*

THE ROSY BRIER.



GLASGOW

Printed for the Booksellers.

1828.

## HIGHLAND HARRY.

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My Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,  
But now he's banished far away,  
I'll never see him back again.

○ for him back again !  
O for him back again !  
I wad gie a' Knockaspie's land,  
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen,  
I sit me down and greet my fill,  
And aye I wish him back again.  
○ for him back, &c.

○ were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain,  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Harry back again.  
○ for him back, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,  
He left me in his native plain,  
And rush'd his much wrang'd prince to join,  
But, oh ! he ne'er cam back again.  
○ for him back, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in War,  
 Unmatched on a' Culloden's plain;  
 But vengeance marked him for her ain,  
 I'll never see him back again.  
 O for him back, &c.

### THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the wind ower the braes o' Glenniffer,  
 The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;  
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover  
 Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.  
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a sae bonny,  
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;  
 But far to the camp they hae marched my dear  
 Johnnie,  
 And now it is winter wi' Nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome and bonny,  
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;  
 Now naething is heard but the win' whistlin' dreary,  
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw:  
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,  
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they  
 flee, [Johnnie;  
 And chirp out their plaints seeming wae for my  
 'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak moun-  
 tains,  
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,  
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded  
 fountain,  
 That murmured sae sweet to my laddie an' me;

It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swelling ;  
 It's no the cauld blest brings the tear to my e'e ;  
 For O gin I saw my bonny Scotch callan,  
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

Oh ! I am come to the low country,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie !

Without a penny in my parse,

To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie !

Nae woman in the country wide

Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie !

Feeding on yon hill sae high,

And bringing milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' ewes,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie !

Skiping on yon bonny knowes,

And casting woo to me.

I was the happ est o' the clan,

Sair, sair, may I repine,

For Donald was the bravest man,

And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came ower at iast,

Sae far to set us free ;

My Donald's arm was wanted then

For Scotland and for me.



Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
 Right to the wrang did yield,  
 My Donald and his country fell  
 Upon Culloden field!

Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh!  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
 Nae woman in this world wide,  
 Sae wretched now as me!

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### JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

The sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning,  
 Light sprung the lavrock and mounied sae hie,  
 When true to the tryst o' blyth May's dewy mornin',  
 My Jeanie cam linking out ower the green lea.  
 To mark her impatience, I crap 'mong the brakens,  
 Aft, aft to the kend gate she turn'd her black ee,  
 Then lying down dowylie, sighed by the willow tree,  
 "Ha me mohatel na dousku me."\*

Baith thro' the green birks I sta' to my jewel,  
 Streik'd on Spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree—  
 Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel—  
 Ha me mohatel na dousku me.

Wi' love's warm sensations I've marked your impa-  
 tience,

Lang hid 'mang the brakens I've watched your  
 black ee—

You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean, open thy lovely  
 e'en,

"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

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\* I am asleep do not waken me.

Bright is the whin's bloom, ilk green knowe adornin',  
 Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew,  
 Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning,  
 Dark wave her haffet-locks ower her white brow.  
 Light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth  
 gowany green,

Barefoot and kilted half up to the knee,  
 While Jeanie is sleeping still I'll rin and sport my fill,  
 "I was asleep and ye've wakened me."

I'll rin and whirl her round, Jeanie is sleeping sound,  
 Kiss her and clasp her fast, nae aye can see;  
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou!—

"Will, I'm no sleeping now;  
 I was asleep, but ye wakened me."

Laughing till like to drap swith to my Jean Elap,  
 Kissed her ripe roses and blest her black ee, [is sweet,  
 And aye since, whene'er we met, sing, for the sound  
 "Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

### JAMIE O' THE GLEN.

Auld Rob the laird o' muckle land  
 To woo me was na very blate,  
 But spite o' a' his gear, he fand  
 He came to woo a day ower late.  
 A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' glee,  
 My heart did never, never ken,  
 And nane can gie sic joy to me,  
 As Jamie o' the glen.

My minry grat like daft, and raved,  
 To gar me wi' her will comply,  
 But still I wadna hae the laird,  
 Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.  
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah, what are silks and satins braw?

What's a' his worldly gear to me?

They're daft that cast themselves awa,

Whar nae content nor love can be.

A lad sae blythe, &c.

I couldna bide the silly clash

Came hourly frae the gawkie laird,

And sae, to stop his gab and fash,

With Jamie to the Kirk repaired,

A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilk simmer's day sae lang,

And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,

A tunefu' lilt and bonny sang,

Aye keep dull care and strife awa.

A lad sae blythe, &c.

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## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

She is a winsome wee thing,

She is a handsome wee thing,

She is a bonny wee thing,

This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,

I never loed a dearer,

And niest my heart I'll wear her,

For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,

She is a handsome wee thing,

She is a bonnie wee thing,

This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't,  
 Wi' her I'll blithly bear it,  
 And think m' lot divine.

### THE ROSY BRIER.

● bonny was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,  
 And bonnie she, and ah how dear,  
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,  
 How pure amang the leaves sae green,  
 But purer was the lover's vow,  
 They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair;  
 But love is still a sweeter flower,  
 Amid life's thorny path of care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine,  
 And I the world nor wish nor scorn,  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

**FINIS.**